



BASED ON A UBISOFT CREATION

# ASSASSIN'S CREED VALHALLA

FORGOTTEN MYTHS



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# ASSASSIN'S CREED

## VALHALLA

FORGOTTEN MYTHS  
ISSUE 3

### NORSE GOD BALDR

prepares to help lead the dwarves in a defense against the Fire giants knocking at their gates! His fate, and the fate of The Nine Realms, is now entwined with the outcome of the impending war.

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THE WARS OF HUMANITY ARE  
BUT A SHADOW OF THE  
CONFLICTS OF GODS.

SWORDS AND RIFLES ARE  
METAPHORS FOR SOMETHING  
GREATER--SOMETHING MORE  
TERRIBLE AND GLORIOUS.

THE MUSPEL HORDE RIPPED  
THROUGH SVARTALFHEIM AND  
MET THE REALM'S DEFENDERS  
IN A NAMELESS VALLEY.

WOULD YOU  
LET AN AESIR YOUTH  
OUTSHINE YOU?  
WOULD YOU  
LET A MUSPEL WHO  
SLIPS PAST HIM SLIP  
PAST YOU?

FOR  
SVARTALFHEIM!

BALDR HAD NEVER SEEN  
WAR, BUT HE TOOK TO  
IT AS A TRUE AESIR.

HE LED. HE INSPIRED.  
AND HE AWAITED WORD  
FROM HIS FRIEND LOKI,  
WHOM HE HAD SENT ON  
A TREACHEROUS QUEST.



BALDR WAS UNAWARE THAT LOKI HAD FOUND A DIFFERENT TASK.

HOW MANY MISTLE-BERRIES SHALL I PICK?  
ONE, TWO--

THE DAY'S BATTLE DRAGGED ON. BALDR THE BEAUTIFUL, IMPERVIOUS THOUGH HE WAS, FELT THE ACHE IN HIS MUSCLES.

HE'D NOT SLEPT WELL SINCE NEARLY FREEZING IN JOTUNHEIM.

LOKI HAD SLEPT VERY WELL, WEARING ANY NUMBER OF MASKS.

OH, I'M BUT A POOR REFUGEE.

WOULD THAT I COULD REST AWHILE, BORROW YOUR OVEN, PERHAPS, AND BAKE FOR THE ROAD--

BALDR FOUGHT.

THE SKY!  
THE RAIN COMES!

LOKI COOKED.



AT DAY'S END, BALDR LED HIS WEARY ALLIES BACK TO THE BASTIONS OF THE DWARVES.

--BROUGHT WORD FROM THE SOUTHERN FRONT.

THERE ARE JOTNAR FIGHTING THERE, AS IF THE MUSPELS WEREN'T ENOUGH.

THEY HAD ACHIEVED A VICTORY, OF SORTS, BUT THE PRICE HAD BEEN HIGH.

AMONG THE WOUNDED, BALDR TOLD STORIES, SEEKING TO BRIGHTEN THE SPIRITS OF THE MAIMED AND DYING.

--HAVI SOUGHT THE WELL OF MIMIR, THEN, WHERE HE MIGHT FIND KNOWLEDGE.

ENOUGH...

TELL ME THIS, ÆSIR.  
WILL SVARTALFHEIM STAND?  
NO OTHER REASSURANCE DO I SEEK.

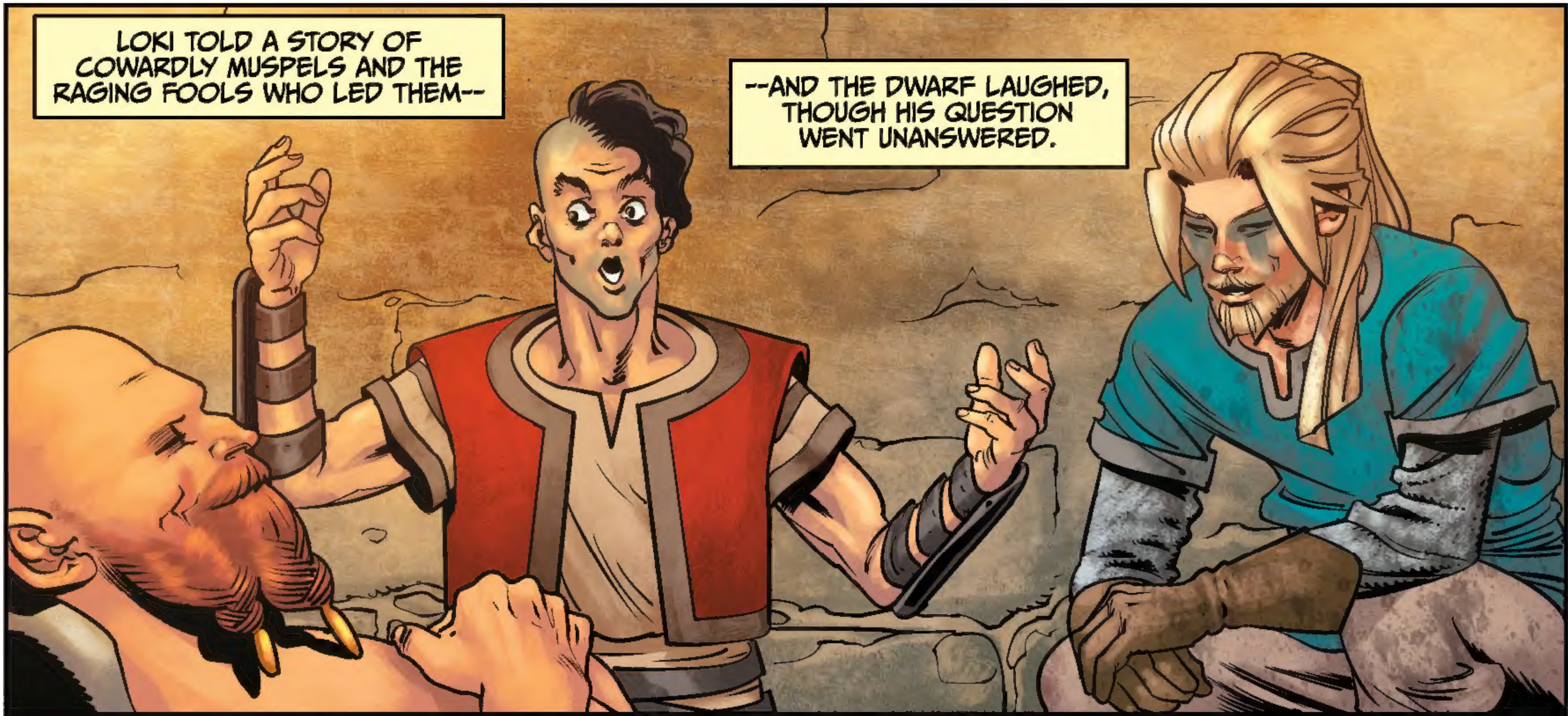
I DON'T--

I AM NO SEER, AND I LACK THE WISDOM TO SAY.

WHO NEEDS A SEER WHEN COMMON SENSE WILL DO?

LET ME TELL YOU OF THE MUSPELS, GOOD DWARF--





LOKI TOLD A STORY OF  
COWARDLY MUSPELS AND THE  
RAGING FOOLS WHO LED THEM--

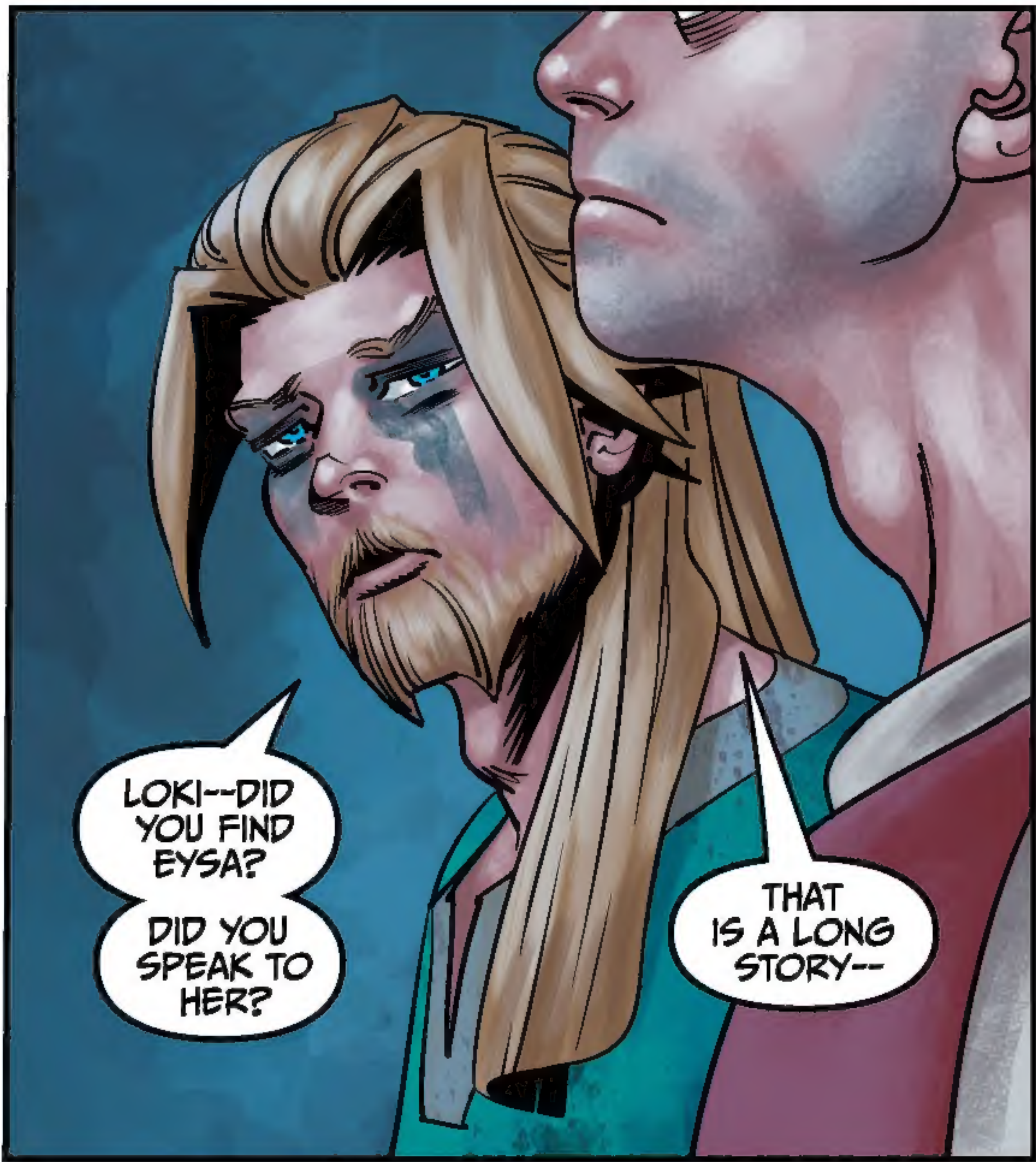
--AND THE DWARF LAUGHED,  
THOUGH HIS QUESTION  
WENT UNANSWERED.



SOON THE DWARF WAS WHERE ALL  
FALLEN WARRIORS GO, AND BALDR  
AND LOKI WALKED TOGETHER.

THAT  
WAS A KIND  
THING.

YOU'D HAVE  
SPENT HALF THE  
NIGHT WITH HIM  
IF I HADN'T  
INTERVENED.



LOKI--DID  
YOU FIND  
EYSA?  
DID YOU  
SPEAK TO  
HER?

THAT  
IS A LONG  
STORY--



--NO, DON'T  
PROTEST!  
YOUR  
GIFT IS IN  
MUSPELHEIM  
NOW.

AND AFTER  
TODAY, SURELY  
EYSA WILL KNOW  
THE VALIANT  
DEEDS OF  
BALDR THE  
BEAUTIFUL.



BUT DID  
YOU *SPEAK*  
TO--

REST, MY  
FRIEND.

WE WILL  
DISCUSS IT IN  
THE MORNING,  
BUT YOU MUST  
GATHER YOUR  
STRENGTH.





SO BALDR SLEPT,  
AND SLEPT DEEPLY.



HE WOKE TO FIRELIGHT.

BALDR.

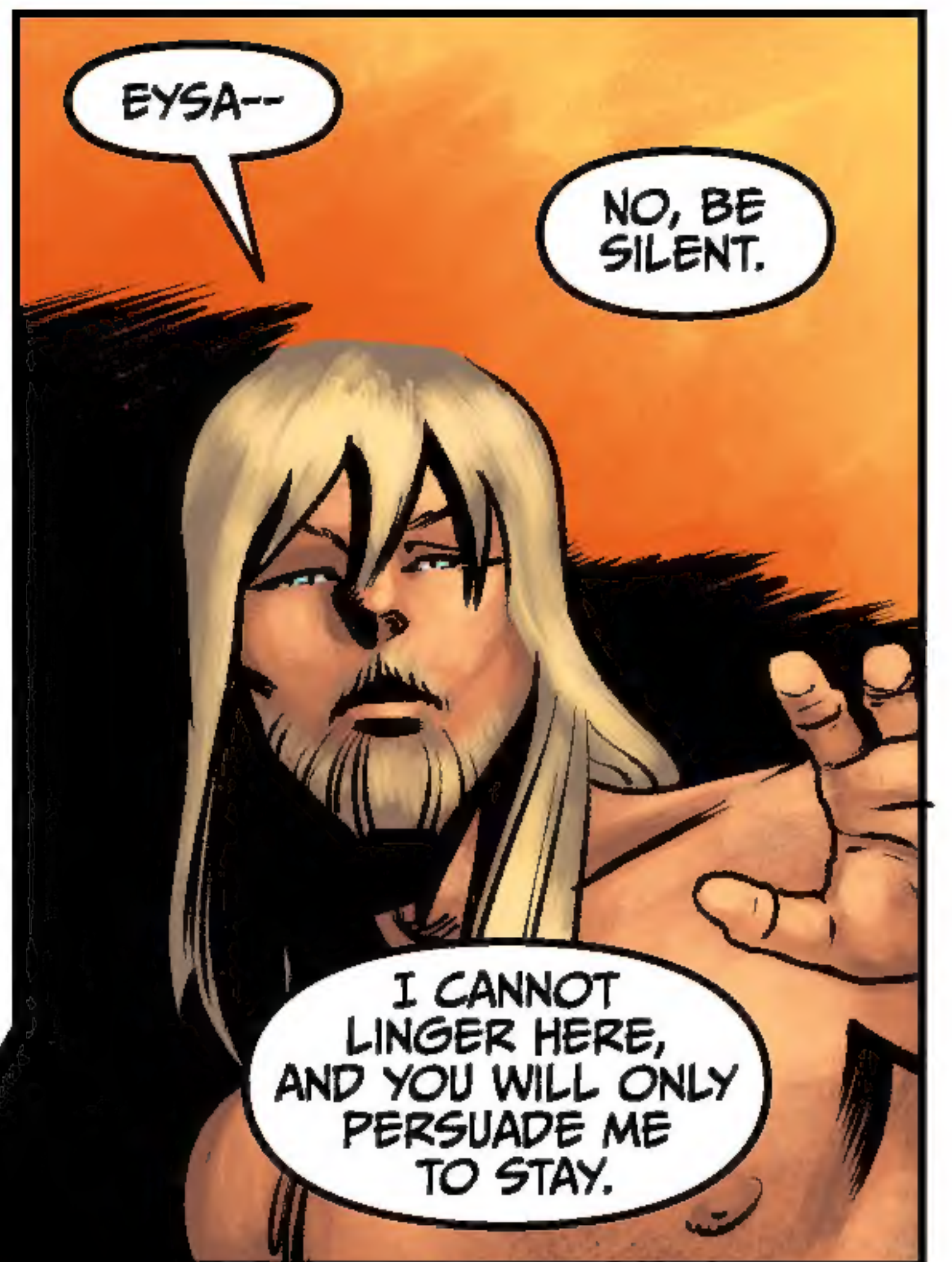


BALDR,  
THE LORD OF  
LIGHT.

BALDR, WHO  
SAILED THE GELID OCEANS  
OF JOTUNHEIM AND SLEW  
THE GRUESOME ONE-EYED  
TROLL OF VANAHEIM.

BALDR WHO  
CREATED A CROWN  
OF SCINTILLATING  
FIRE--

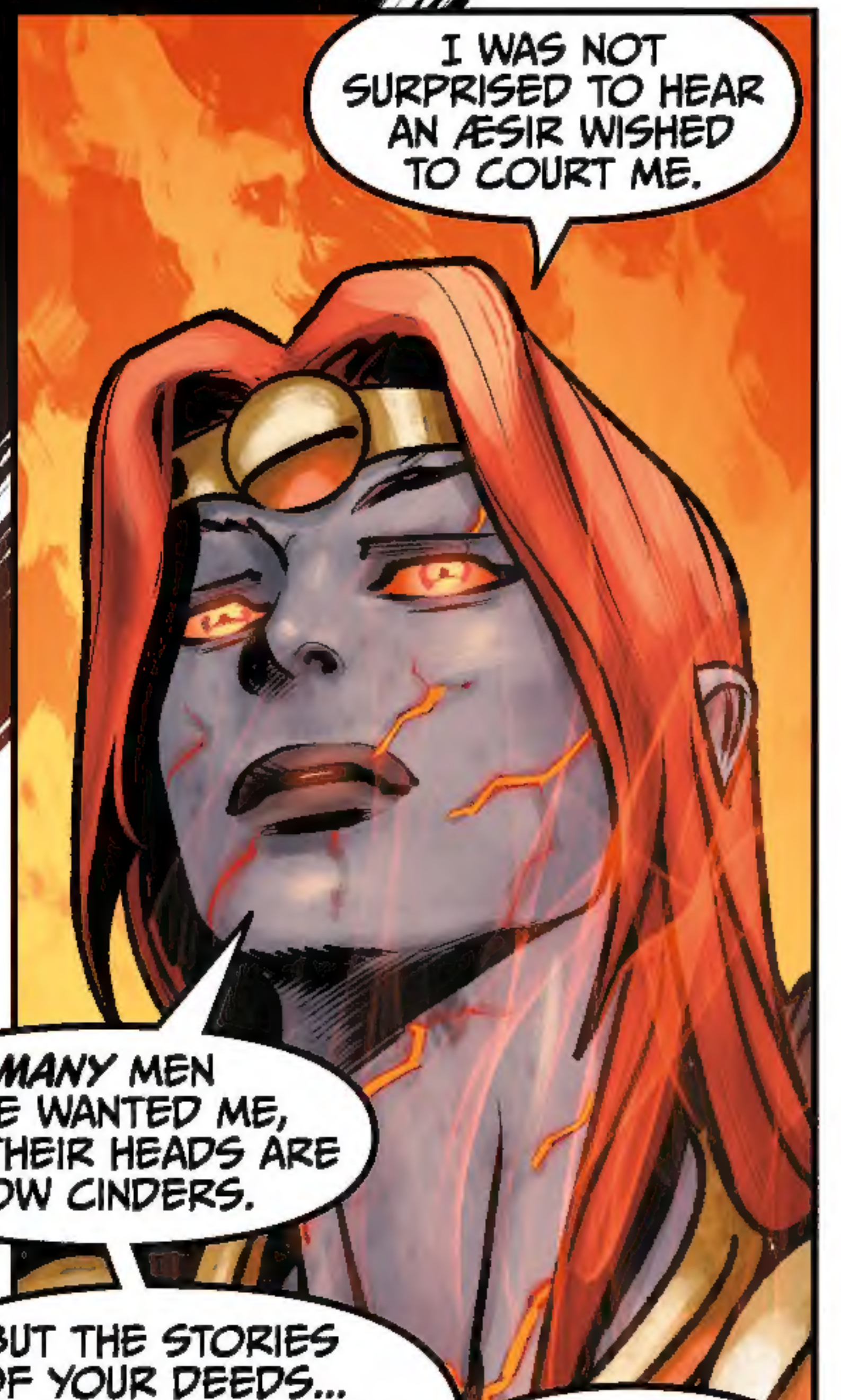
--ALL  
FOR LOVE OF  
A MUSPEL.



EYSA--

NO, BE  
SILENT.

I CANNOT  
LINGER HERE,  
AND YOU WILL ONLY  
PERSUADE ME  
TO STAY.



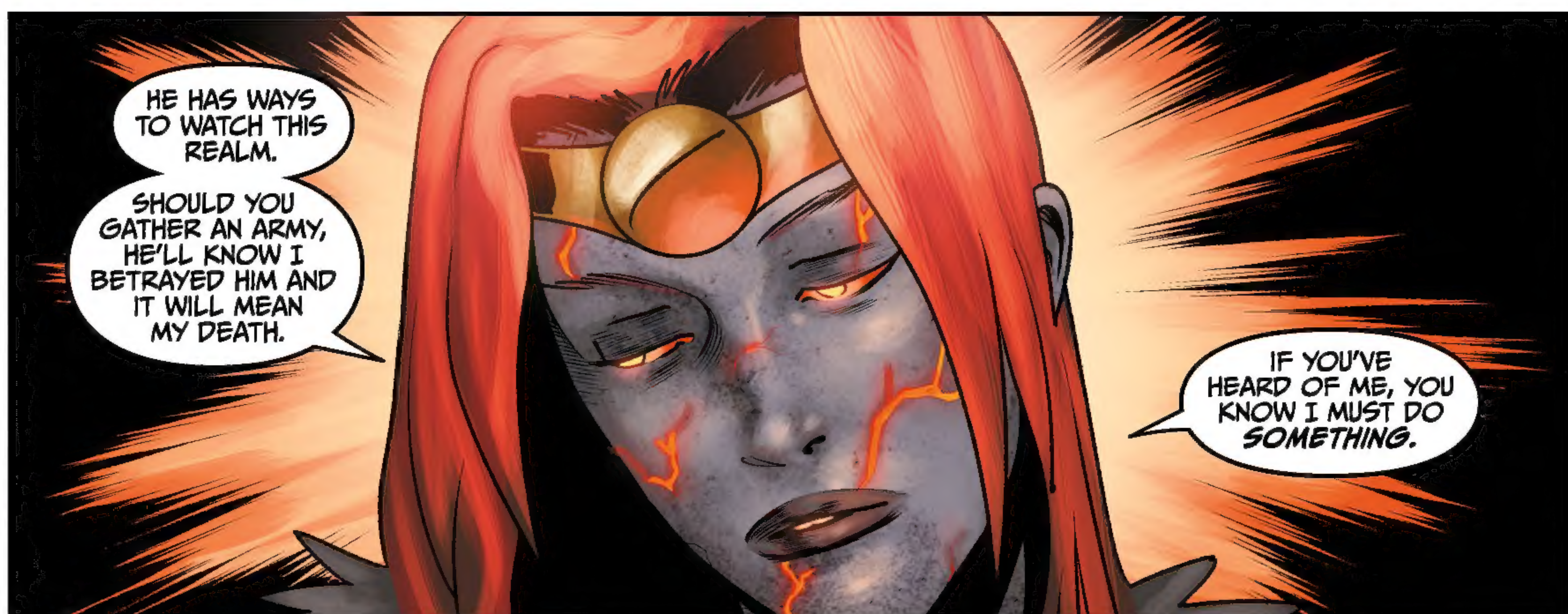
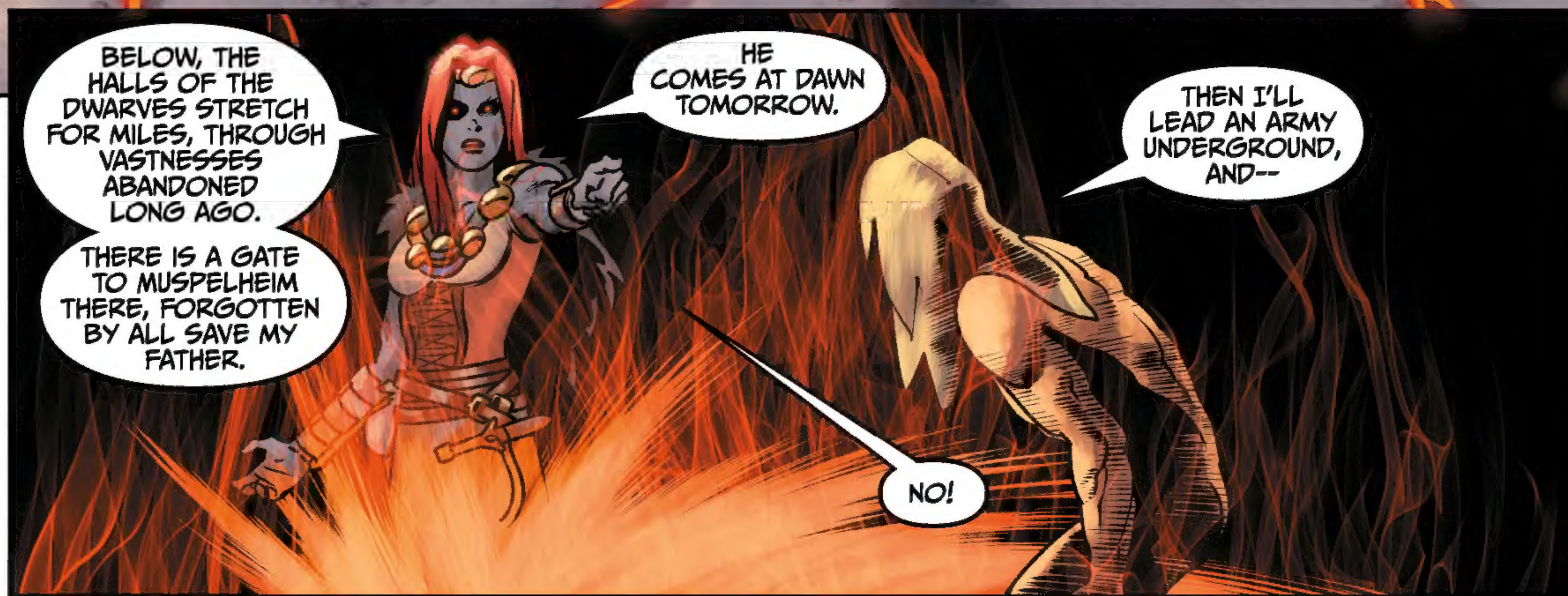
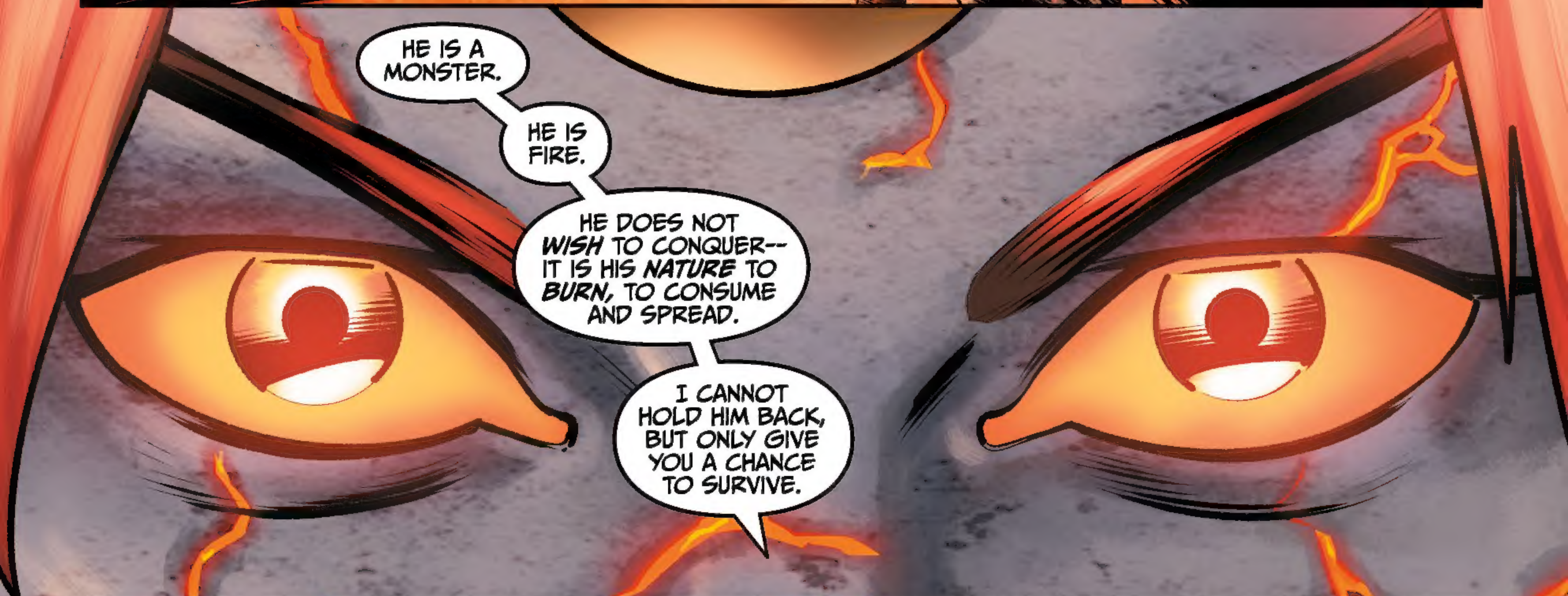
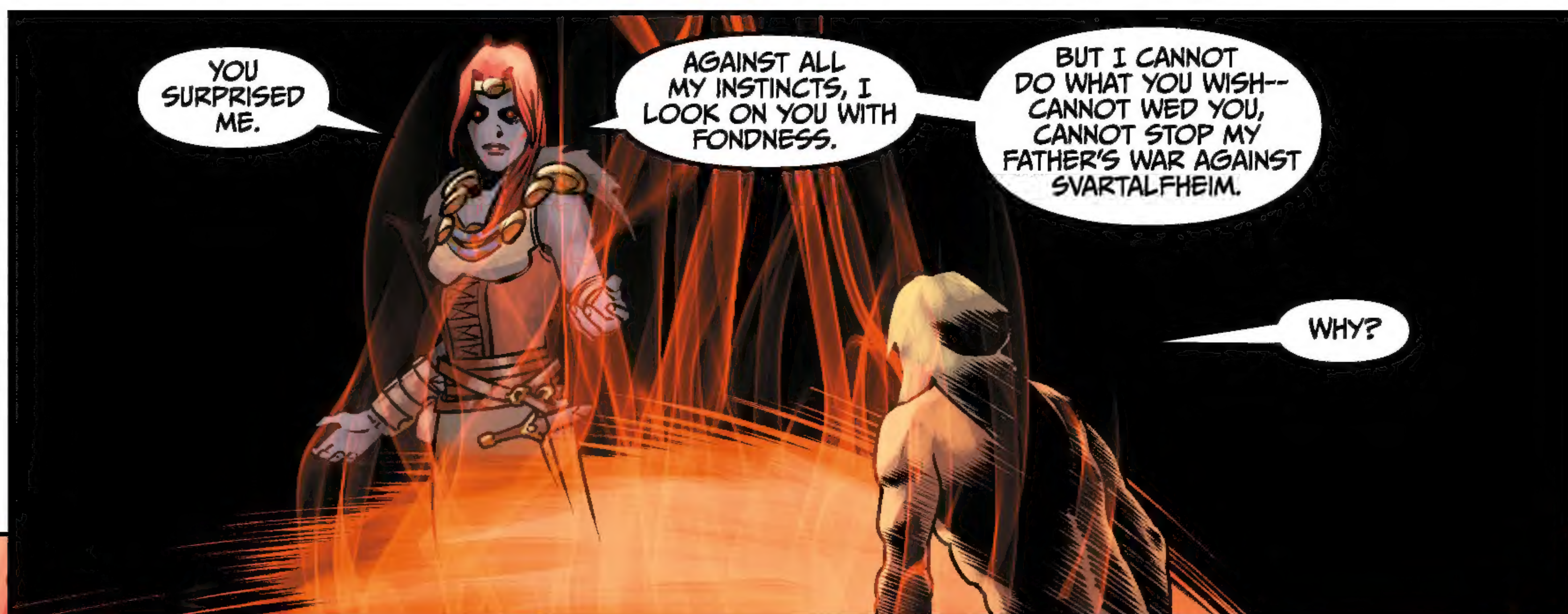
I WAS NOT  
SURPRISED TO HEAR  
AN AESIR WISHED  
TO COURT ME.

MANY MEN  
HAVE WANTED ME,  
AND THEIR HEADS ARE  
NOW CINDERS.

BUT THE STORIES  
OF YOUR DEEDS...  
I DID NOT EXPECT THE  
SINCERITY, NOR THE WIT,  
NOR THE HUMILITY.

I WOULD  
NEVER HAVE  
EXPECTED THE  
SON OF HAVI TO  
BE HUMBLE.









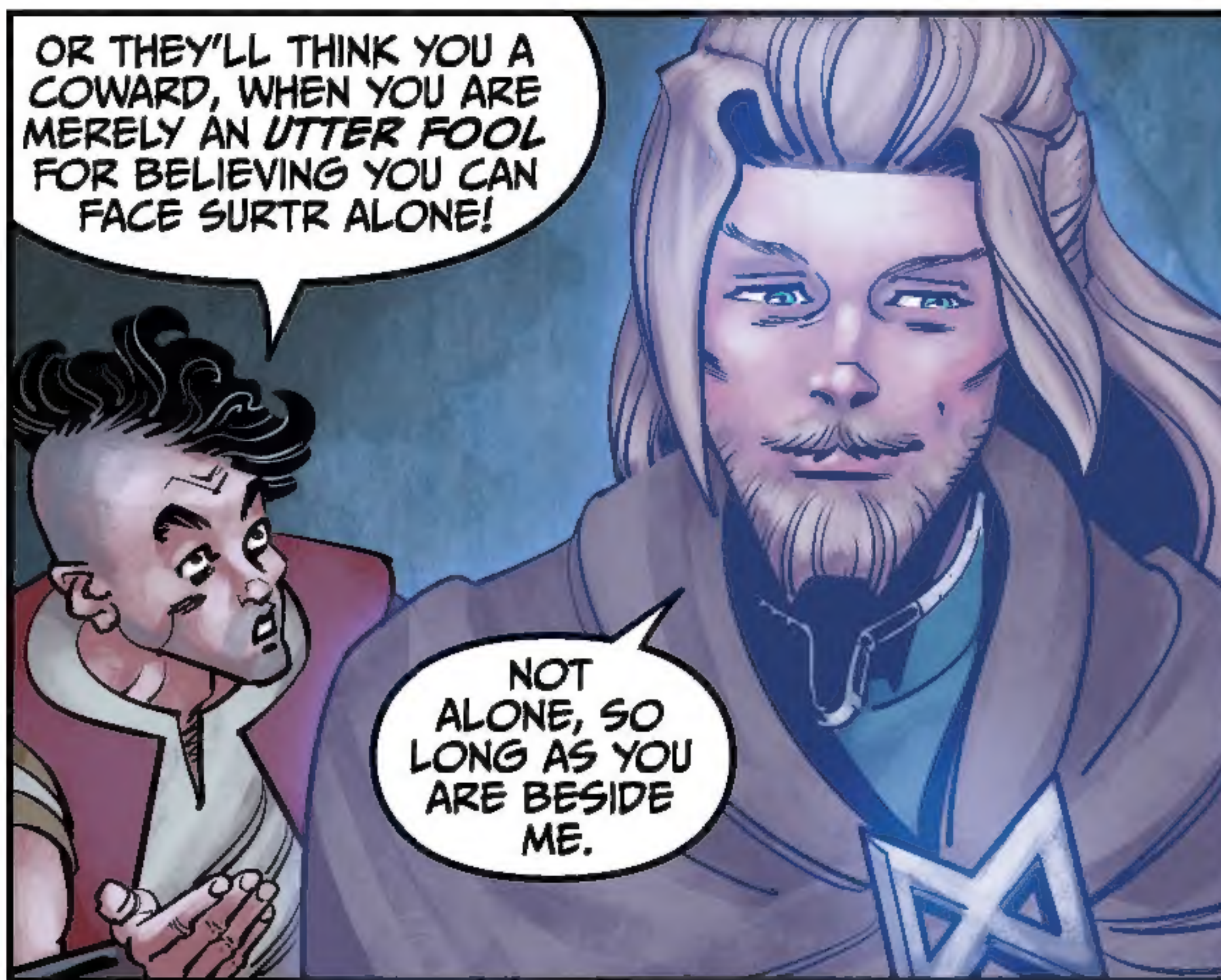




IN THE HOURS BEFORE DAWN, BALDR LEFT HIS BED AND REJOINED HIS COMPANION.

THEY SPOKE AS THEY DESCENDED ENDLESS STAIRWELLS INTO HALLS COATED WITH DUST.

--AND ANOTHER REASON THIS IS FOOLISH: THE DWARVES WILL THINK YOU WERE KIDNAPPED! SPIRITED AWAY BY--WELL, BY THE MUSPELS OR ME.



OR THEY'LL THINK YOU A COWARD, WHEN YOU ARE MERELY AN UTTER FOOL FOR BELIEVING YOU CAN FACE SURTR ALONE!

NOT ALONE, SO LONG AS YOU ARE BESIDE ME.



IN TIME, THEY CAME TO WHAT WAS SURELY THE PORTAL TO MUSPELHEIM.

YOU'RE TIRED, BALDR-- YOUR EYES ARE BLOODSHOT. THE BATTLE DID YOU NO GOOD, BUT YOU LOOK WORSE THAN EVER.

I ADMIT I'VE FELT BETTER.



BUT FOR EYSA, FOR SVARTALFHEIM, AND FOR ASGARD--

YES, OF COURSE. IF EYSA HAD KNOWN YOU AS I DO, SHE'D HAVE REALIZED HER WARNING WOULD DRIVE YOU STRAIGHT TO SURTR.

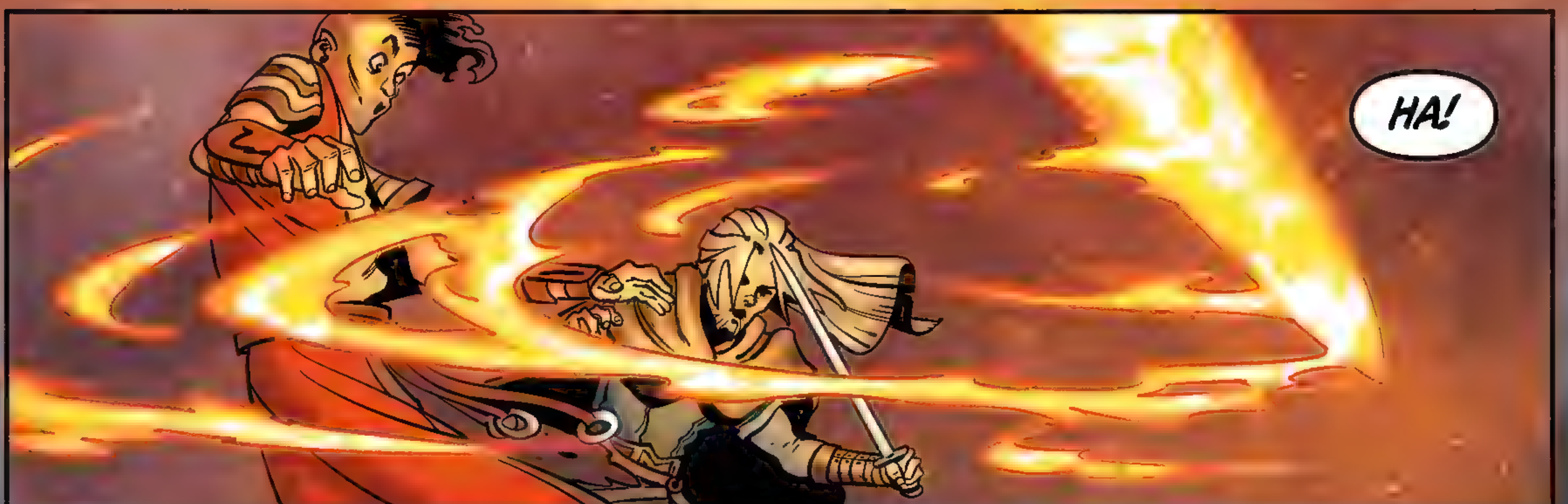
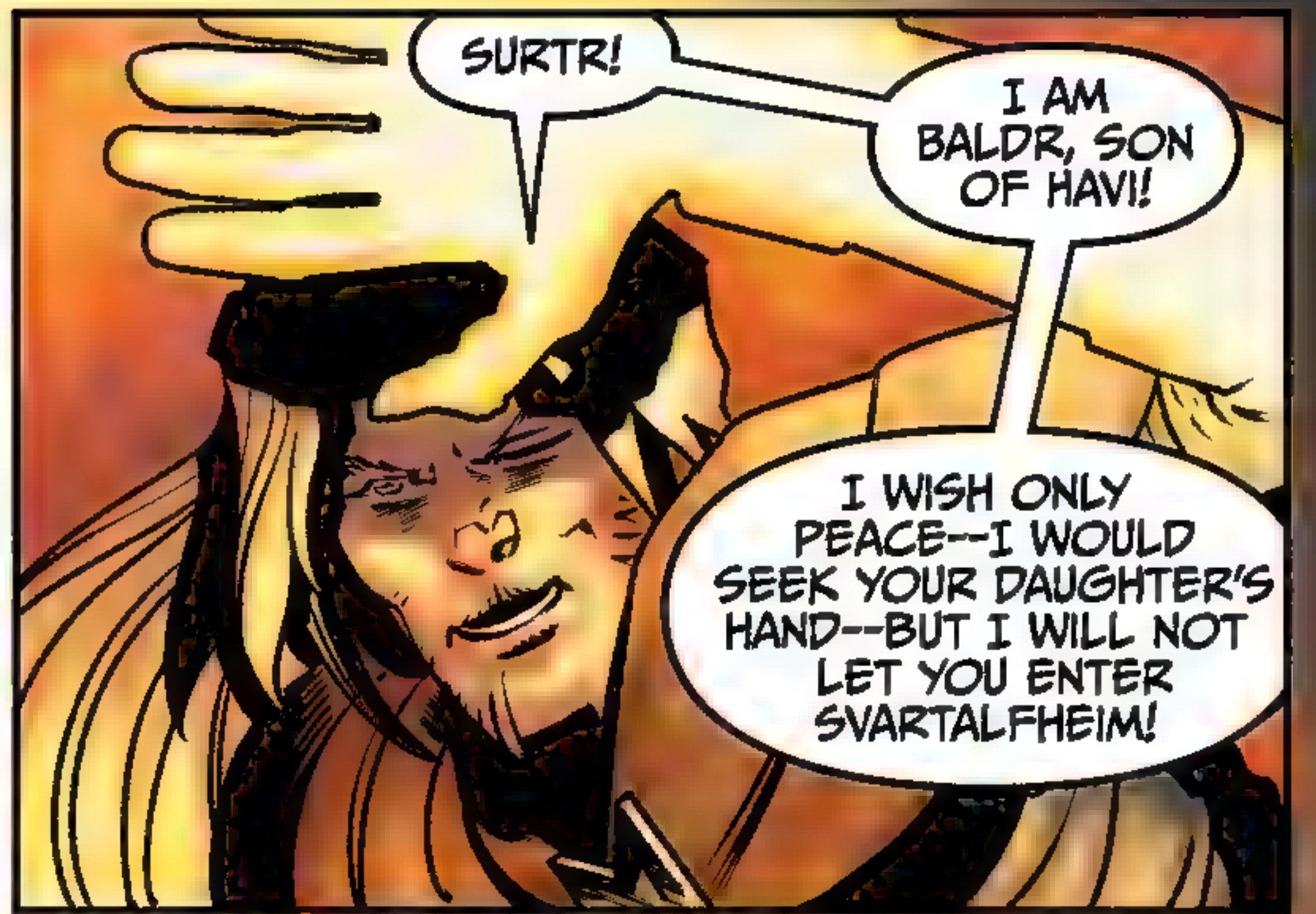
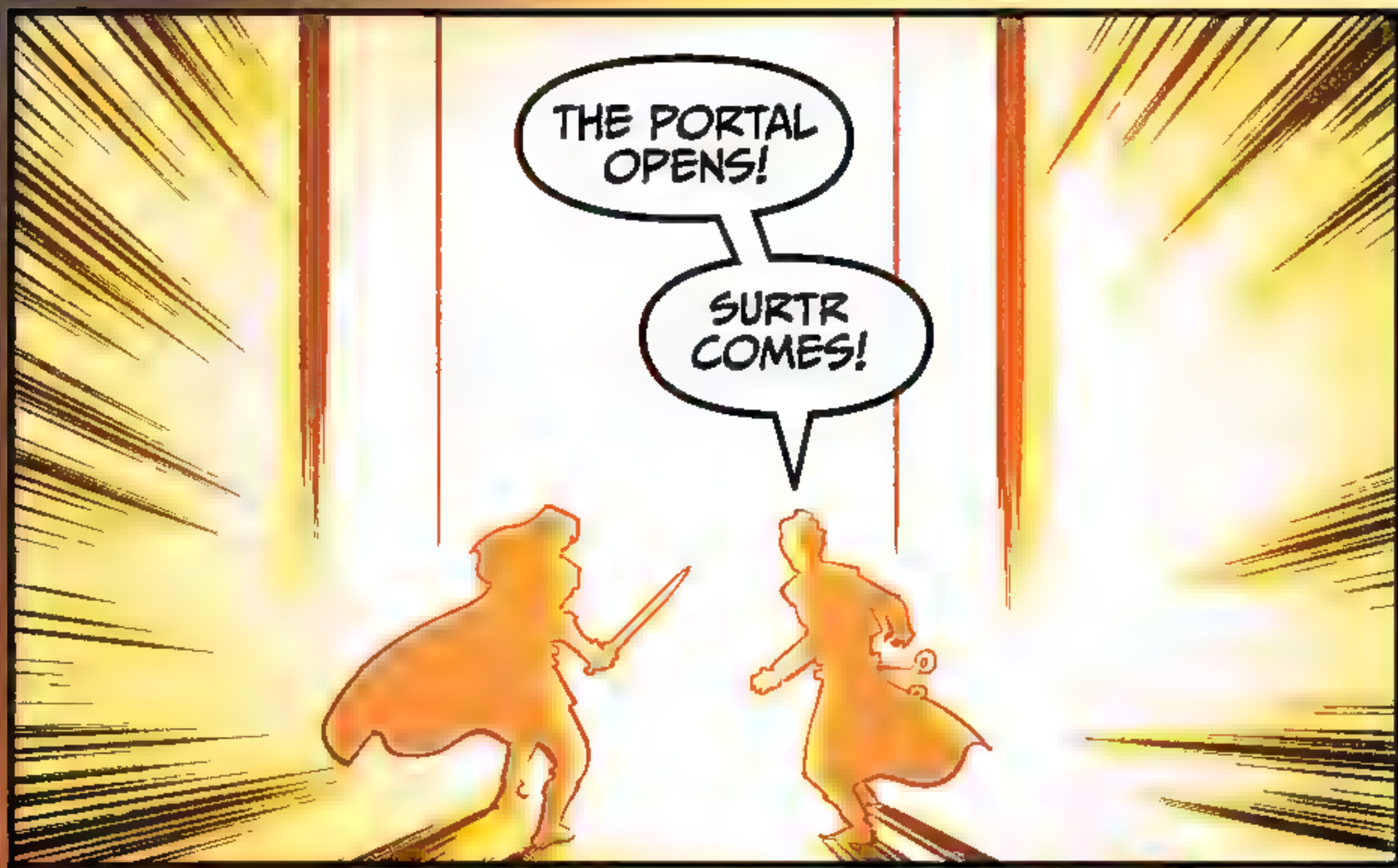
THERE THEY WAITED.



UNTIL...

LOOK!









WATCH THE SPEARS!



BE MY VISION, LOKI!  
MY ATTENTION IS ELSEWHERE!



BACK, YOU MONSTERS--  
BACK!

THE LORD OF MUSPELS  
BURNED LIKE A STAR, AND  
HIS HORDE FOLLOWED.

THE ROAR OF FLAMES WAS  
UNLIKE ANYTHING THEY HAD  
HEARD--LOUDER THAN TIDES,  
LOUDER THAN STORMS.

THEY FOUGHT UNDER SMOKE  
AND THE FIERY TRAILS OF  
MELTING IRON SPEARS; THEY  
FOUGHT WITH STINGING EYES  
AND SCALDED LIPS.

THEY FOUGHT AS THE  
STONE AROUND THEM  
BLAZED AND SOFTENED.

THE GODS FOUGHT AGAINST  
UNBOUND FURY, AS IF  
RAGNAROK WERE INCARNATE  
IN ONE MONSTER.



STRIKE AT  
HIS EYES!



BURY  
HIM IN  
RUBBLE!





TRIUMPH APPEARED  
IMPOSSIBLE.

NO CLEVER TRICK BALDR  
EMPLOYED WOULD SLOW  
THE LORD OF MUSPELS.

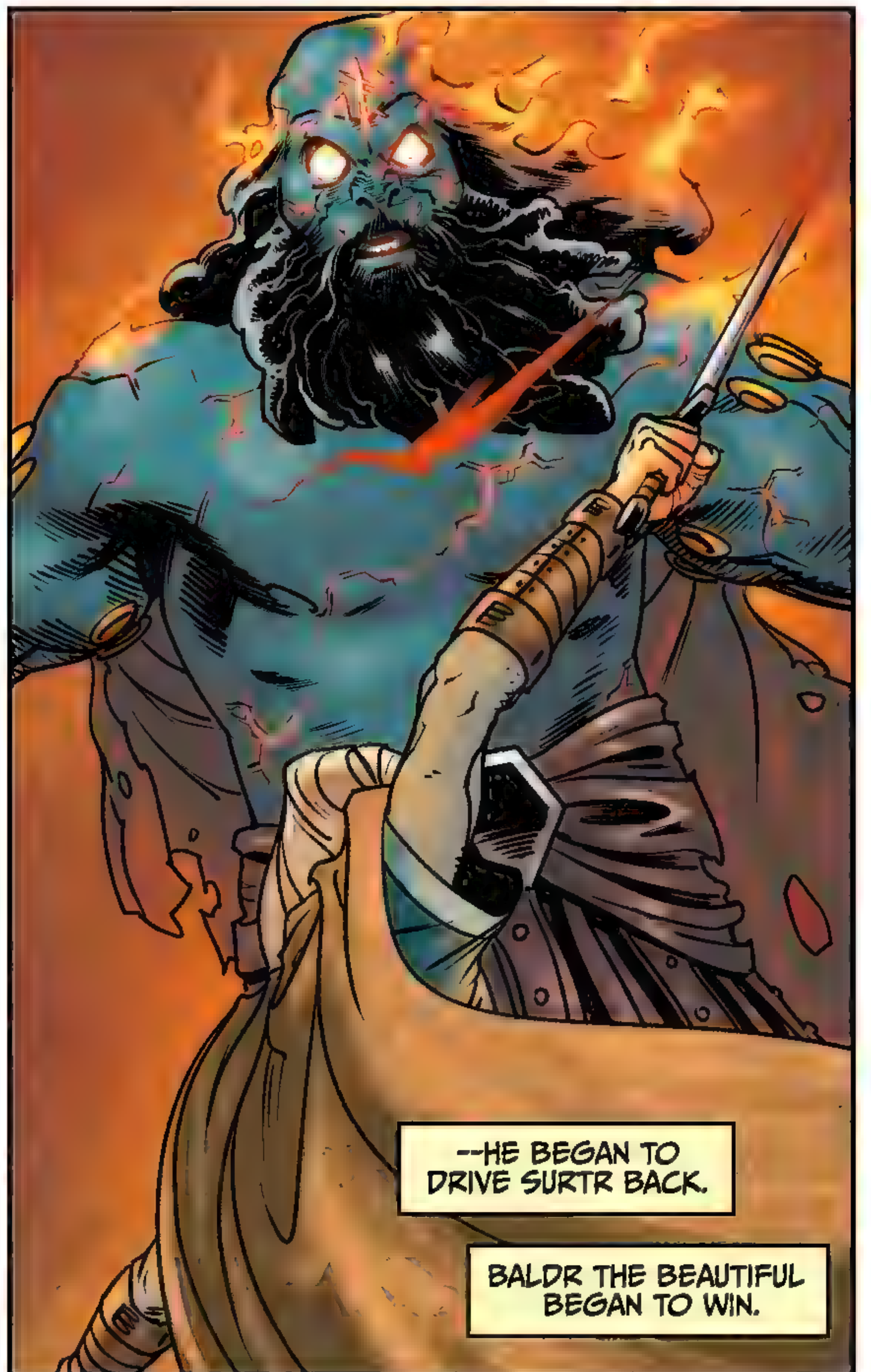


THOUGH THE  
INVULNERABLE AESIR  
DID NOT FEAR DEATH,  
FATIGUE SLOWED HIM.  
THIN AIR SAPPED  
HIS STRENGTH.

YET SOMEHOW,  
DESPITE IT ALL--



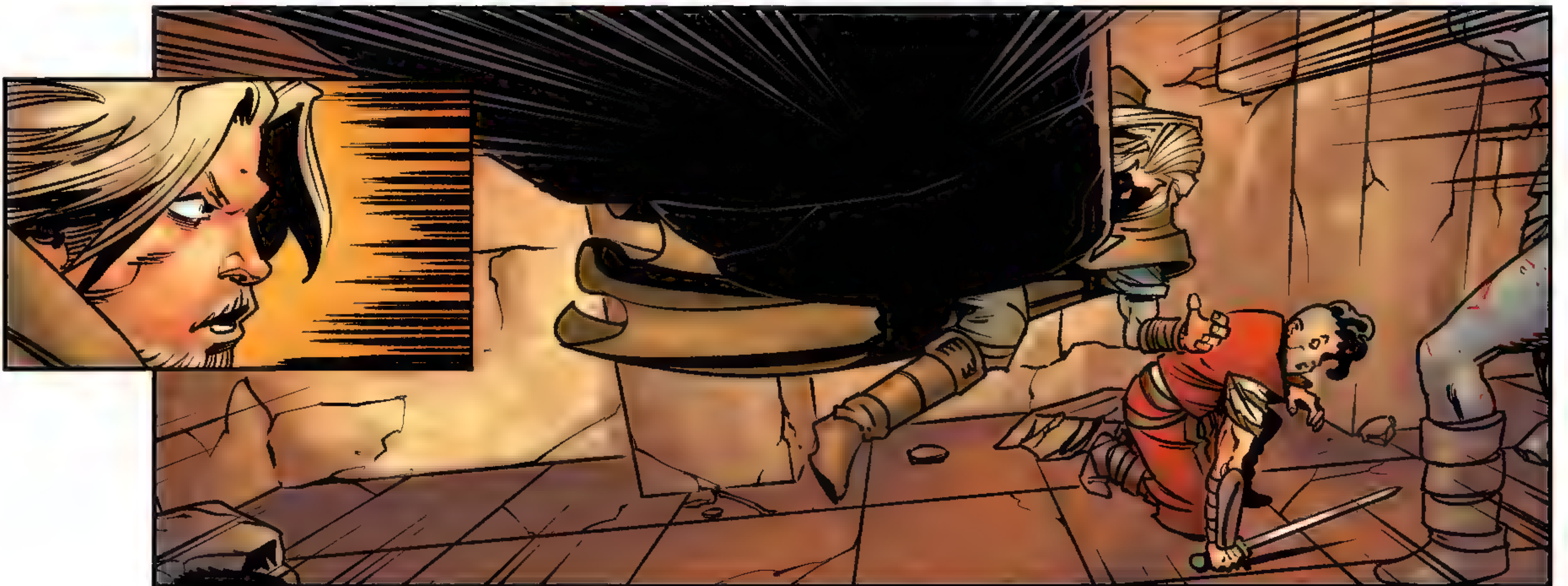
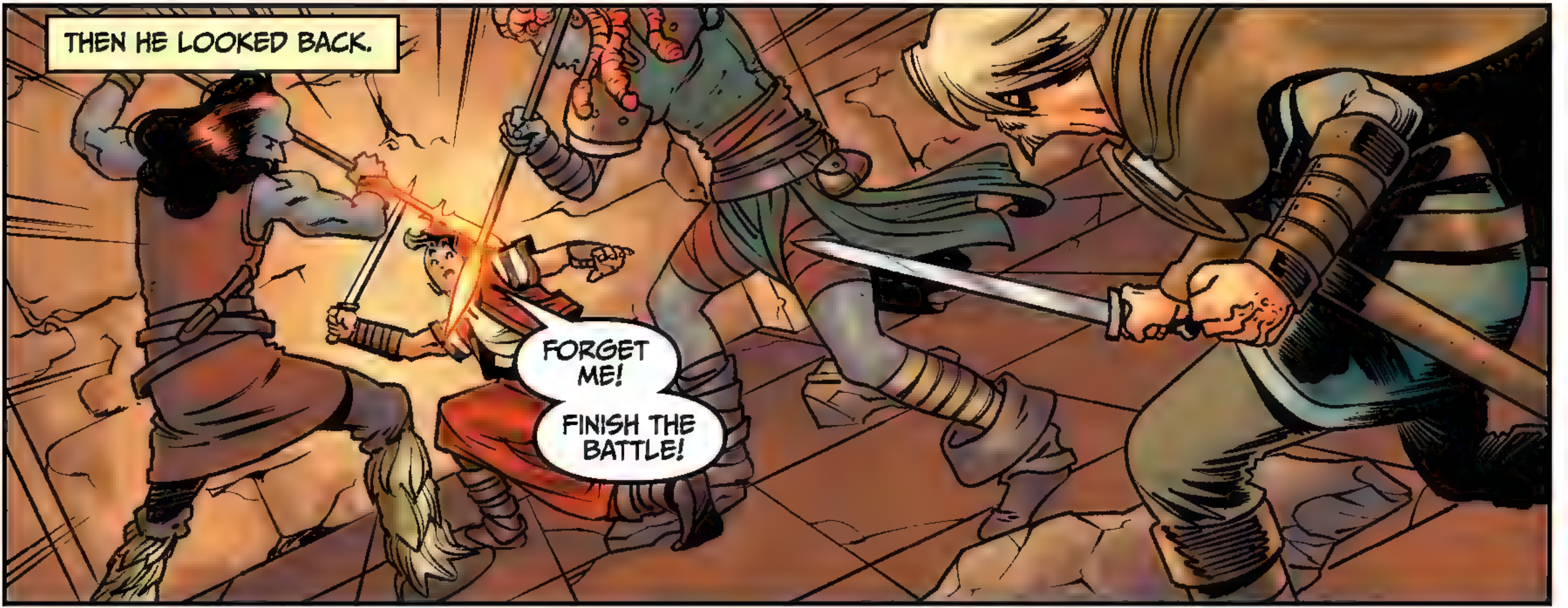
--BLOW BY BLOW,  
NOT BY CLEVER FEINT OR  
GRACEFUL PARRY BUT  
THROUGH WILL ALONE--



--HE BEGAN TO  
DRIVE SURTR BACK.

BALDR THE BEAUTIFUL  
BEGAN TO WIN.









I FORGIVE YOU, LOKI.  
I KNEW YOUR NATURE WHEN I SOUGHT YOU OUT.





I DON'T--  
YOU KNEW?

LOKI, THE TRICKSTER?  
LOKI, WHO ONCE DISGUISED HIMSELF AS FREYJA?



BALDR IS EVERY BIT AS WISE AND CLEVER AND--AND PURE OF SPIRIT AS THEY SAY.

BUT I STILL DON'T--

YOU WILL REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE?



MY PROMISE?

IF I FELL, YOU PROMISED--YOU SWORE TO TELL EYSA OF MY DEEDS, AND OUR JOURNEY.

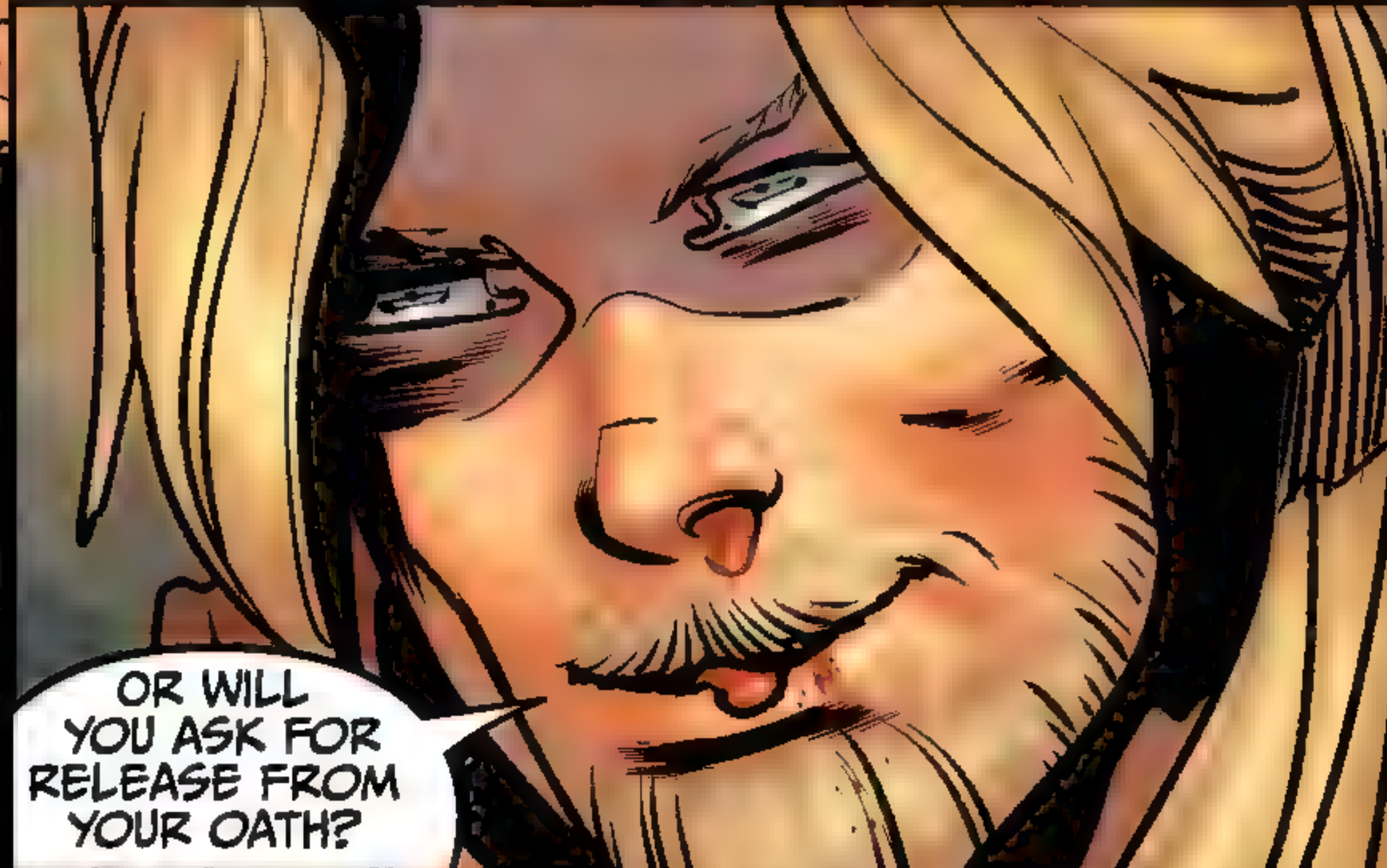
YOU PROMISED TO TELL THE WORLD, SO THAT BALDR WOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN.



BALDR--BLESSED BALDR, DEAR BALDR--EYSA ALREADY KNOWS!

THERE'S NOTHING NEW TO TELL--

TELL THEM ALL.



OR WILL YOU ASK FOR RELEASE FROM YOUR OATH?



NO, OF COURSE NOT.

THE WORLD WILL WEEP FOR YOU.

AND YOU WILL TELL THE STORY WELL?

WITH ALL THE ART AND GUILF LOKI IS KNOWN FOR?



OF COURSE, BUT--

WHAT IS THIS?

TELL IT WELL, LOKI.



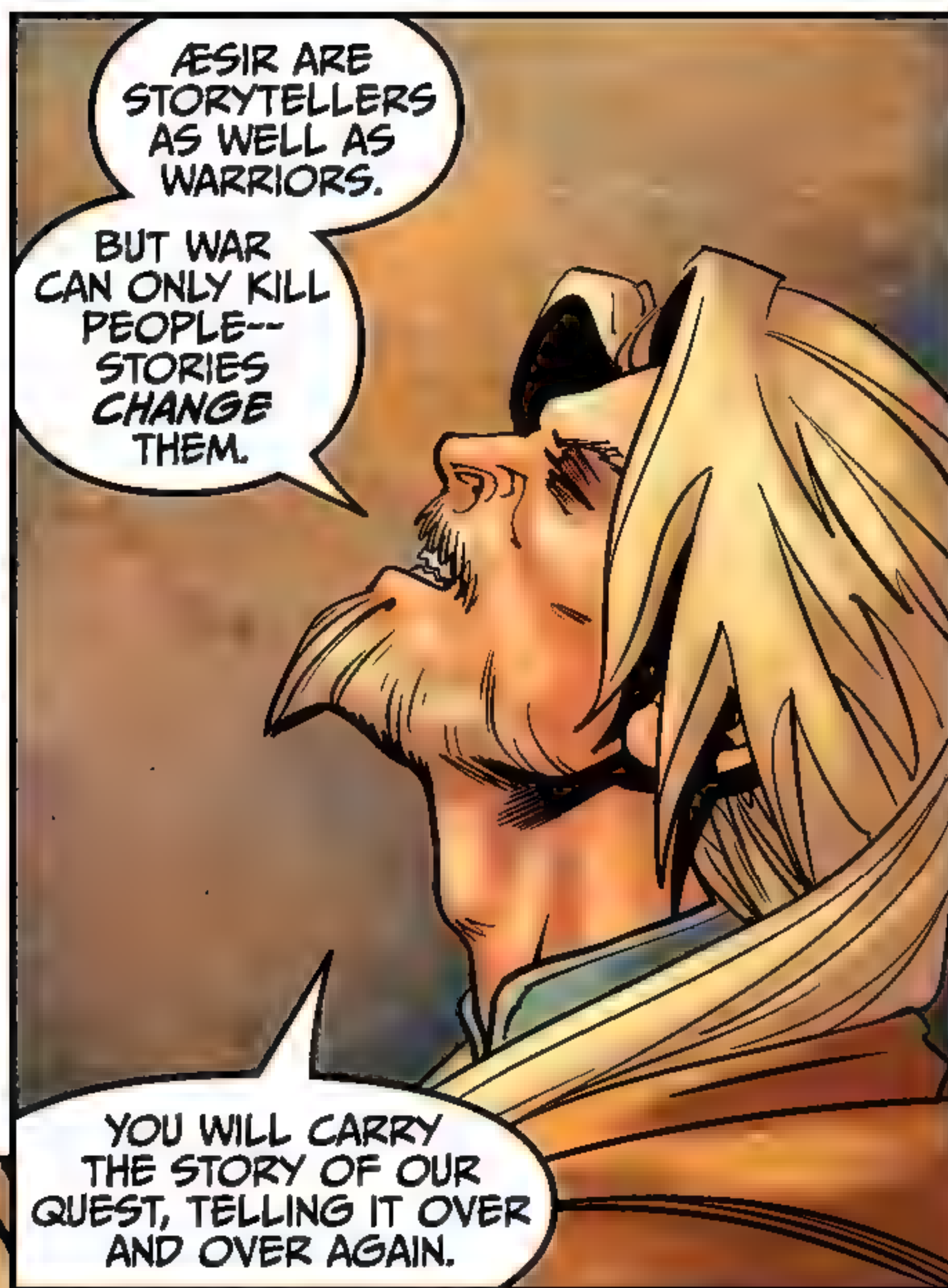


THEY'RE COMING.

THE MUSPELS WILL TAKE ME SOON--PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GO.

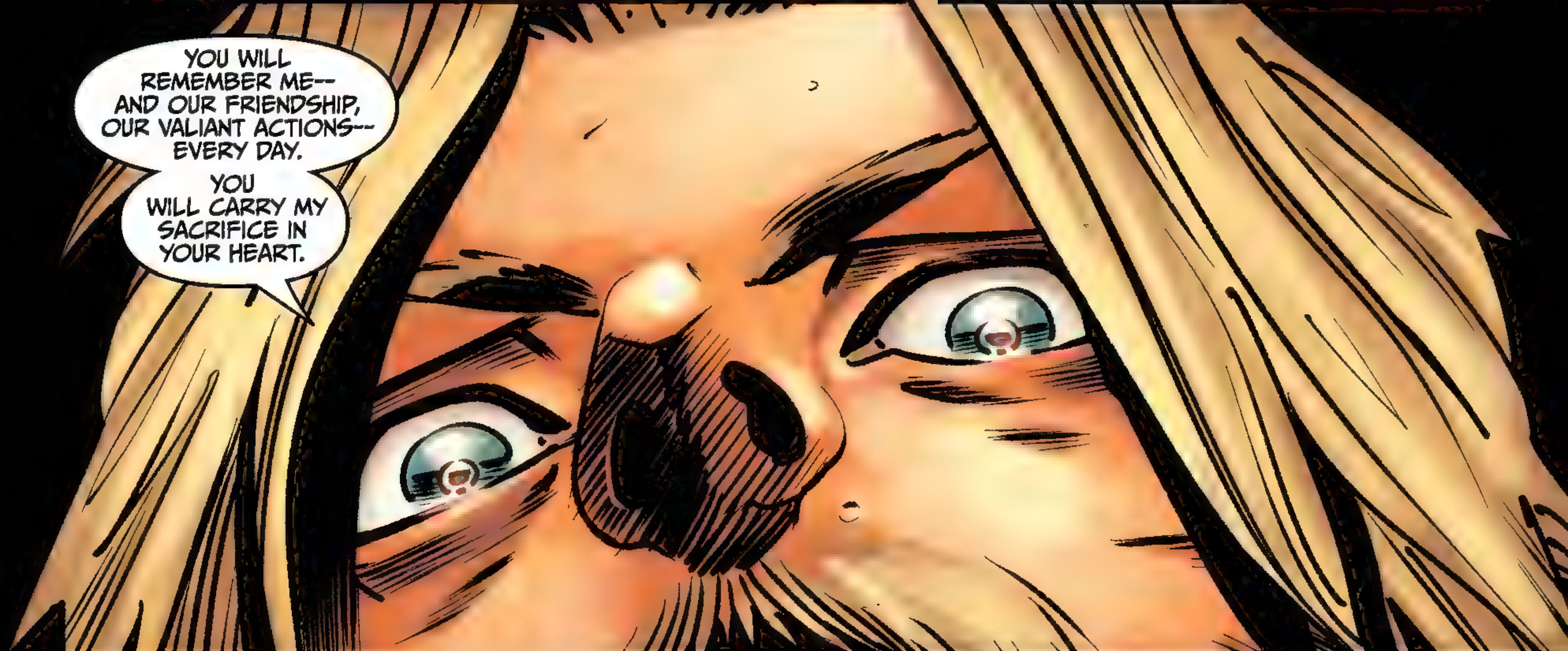
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

WHY DO YOU ACT VICTORIOUS, WHEN YOU SHOULD BE INFURIATED?



ÆSIR ARE STORYTELLERS AS WELL AS WARRIORS.  
BUT WAR CAN ONLY KILL PEOPLE--STORIES CHANGE THEM.

YOU WILL CARRY THE STORY OF OUR QUEST, TELLING IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN.



YOU WILL REMEMBER ME--AND OUR FRIENDSHIP, OUR VALIANT ACTIONS--EVERY DAY.

YOU WILL CARRY MY SACRIFICE IN YOUR HEART.



YOU PLANNED THIS?

I PLANNED FOR THIS, AND FOR OTHER OUTCOMES, TOO.

I AM THE SON OF HAVI.

THIS IS VENGEANCE--A CURSE ON LOKI FOR--



IT IS MY GIFT TO YOU.

I HAVE TRULY DELIGHTED IN OUR TIME TOGETHER.

YOU'VE SUCCEEDED IN YOUR MISSION--MY FATHER WILL SUFFER FOR MY LOSS--AND THE WORLD WILL NOW SEE WHETHER I'VE SUCCEEDED IN MINE.









OH, THERE WAS WAR  
AND BLOODSHED STILL  
TO COME. STORIES UPON  
STORIES TO BE TOLD.

WE'VE NOT EVEN TALKED  
ABOUT HAVI'S OWN ROLE.

YET **THIS** IS THE STORY LOKI  
TOLD THE DAY HE RETURNED  
TO THE REALM OF ASGARD.

WHO KNOWS WHAT WAS  
TRUE? IT CHANGED EACH  
TIME HE TOLD IT IN THE  
DAYS THAT FOLLOWED.

A GOOD STORYTELLER  
ALWAYS CHANGES  
HIS STORY TO SUIT  
THE DAY'S AUDIENCE.

I HAVE  
A TALE FOR  
YOU.

A TALE OF  
LOKI, WHO CLAIMED  
RIGHTEOUS VENGEANCE  
UPON HAVI THROUGH HIS  
HAPLESS SON...

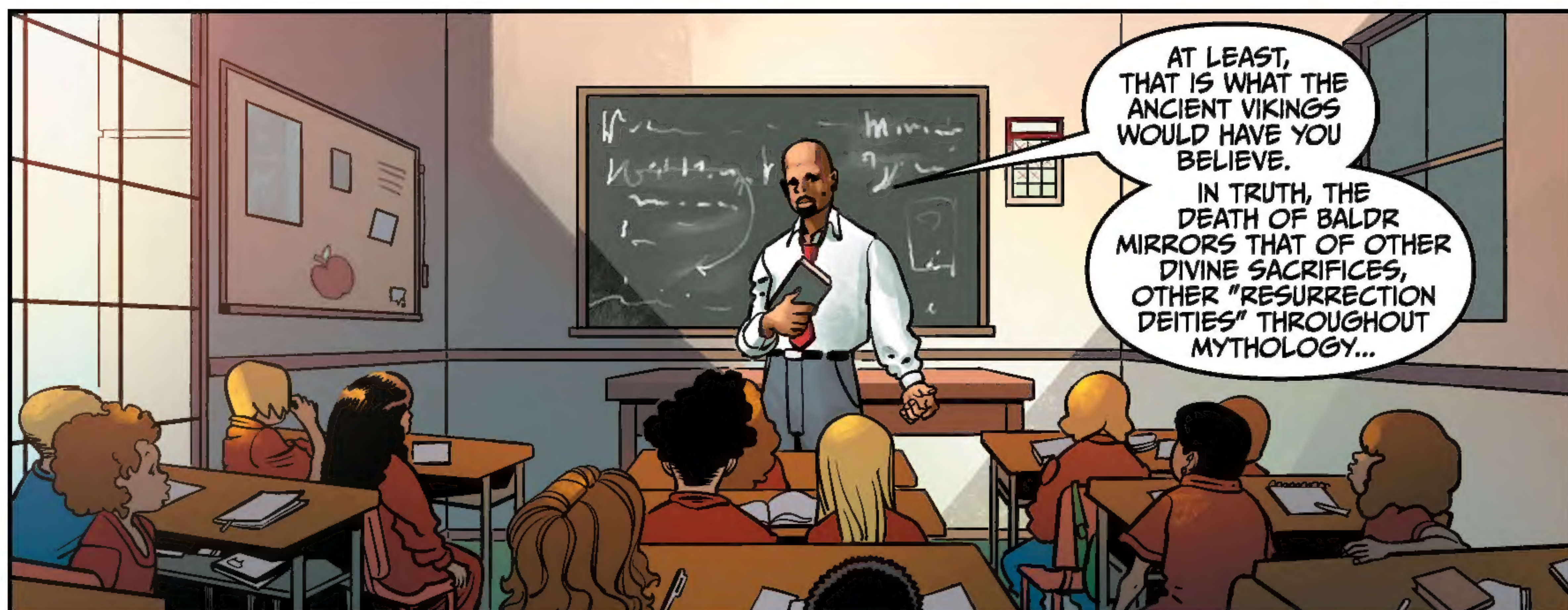
ONLY A FEW ASPECTS  
WERE UNVARYING:  
THE LOVE OF HAVI. THE  
DEADLY MISTLE-BERRY.  
THE INNOCENCE OF BALDR.

OVER THE YEARS  
HE WOULD TELL  
IT **MANY** TIMES, IN  
DIFFERENT PLACES.

AND FROM LOKI'S  
LIPS, THE STORIES  
WOULD SPREAD.

--MY BROTHER,  
HE GUARDS THE  
CELLS, AND I TELL  
YOU LOKI IS BEHIND  
EVERYTHING!

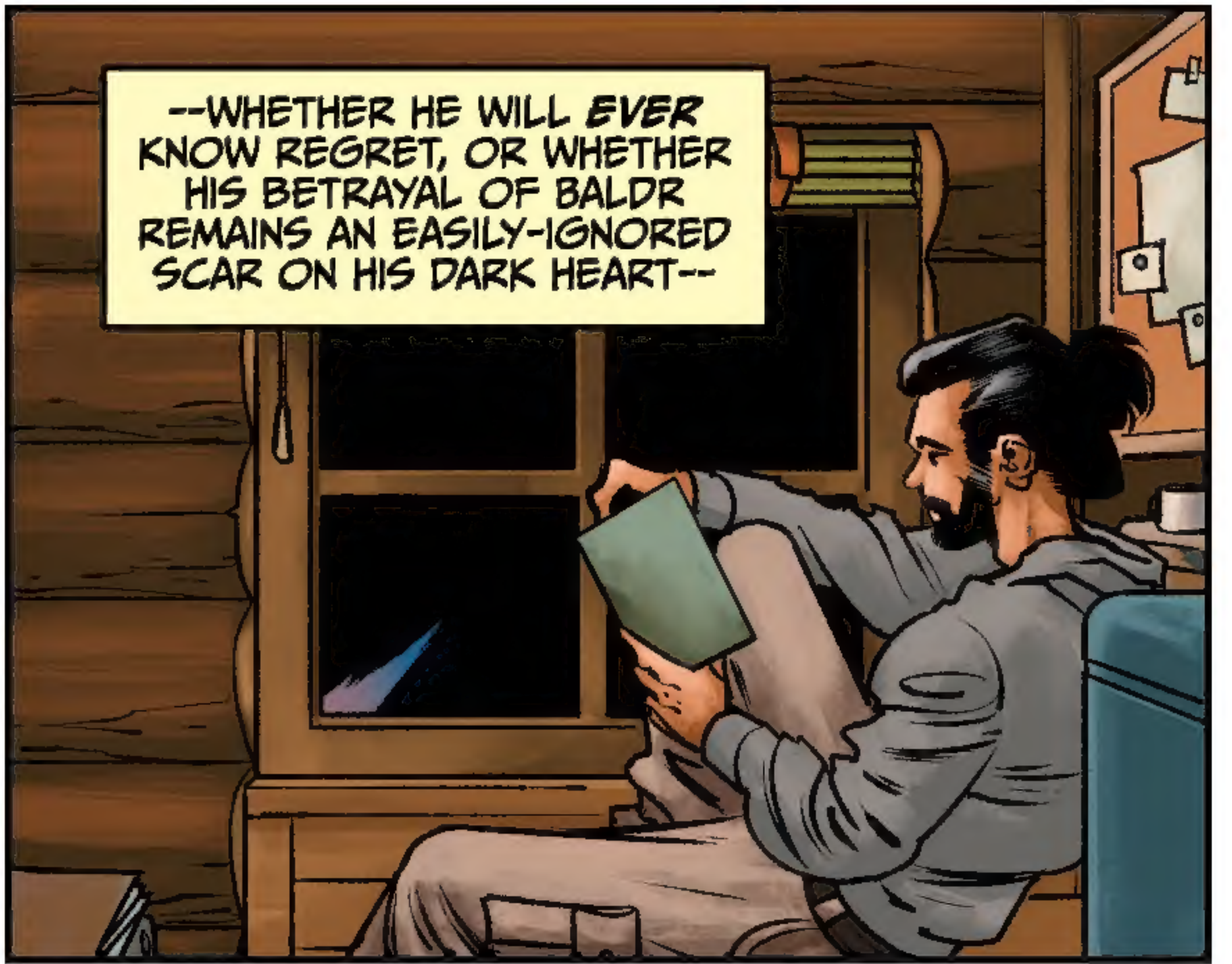




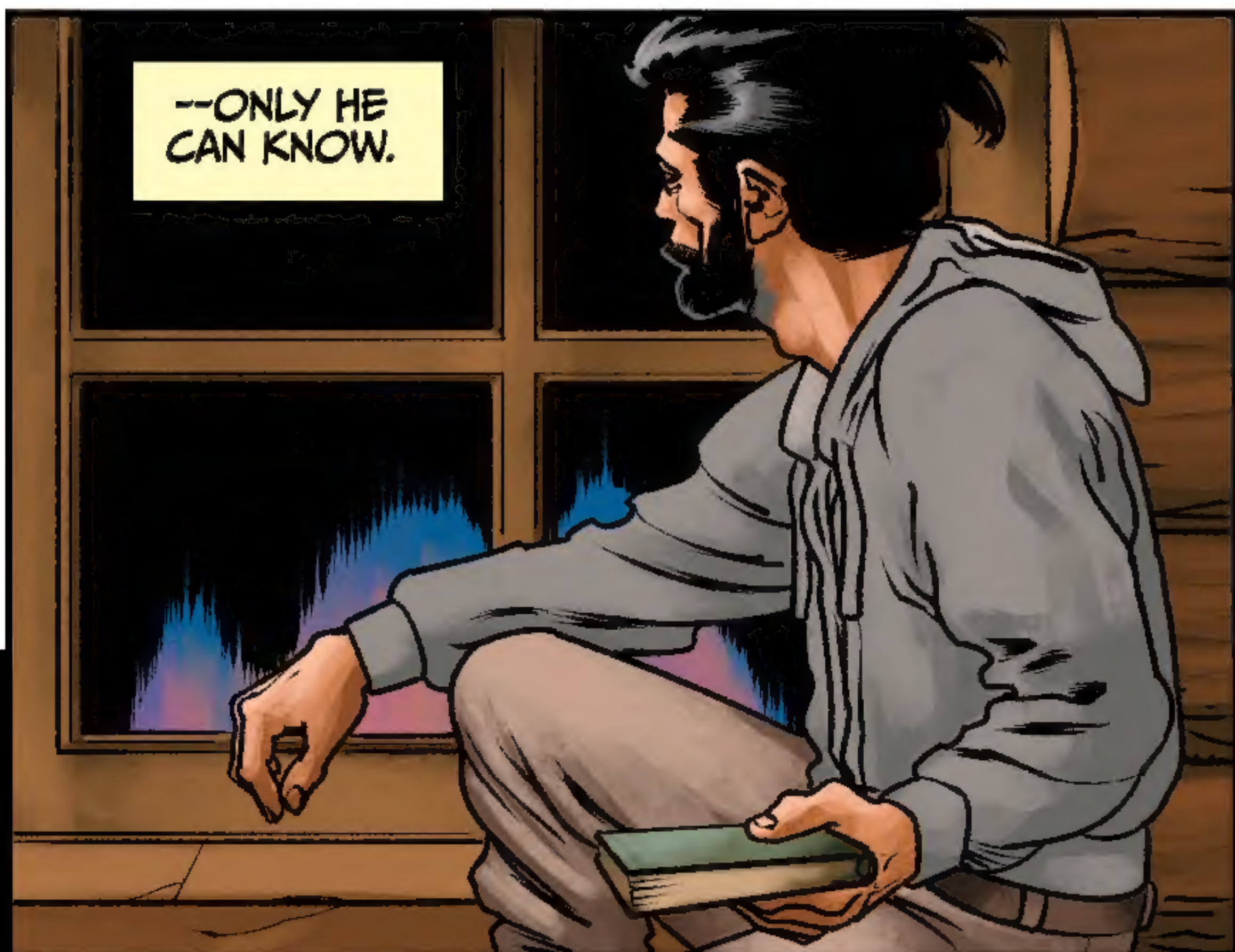




AND IF LOKI  
EVER REGRETTED  
HIS ACTIONS--



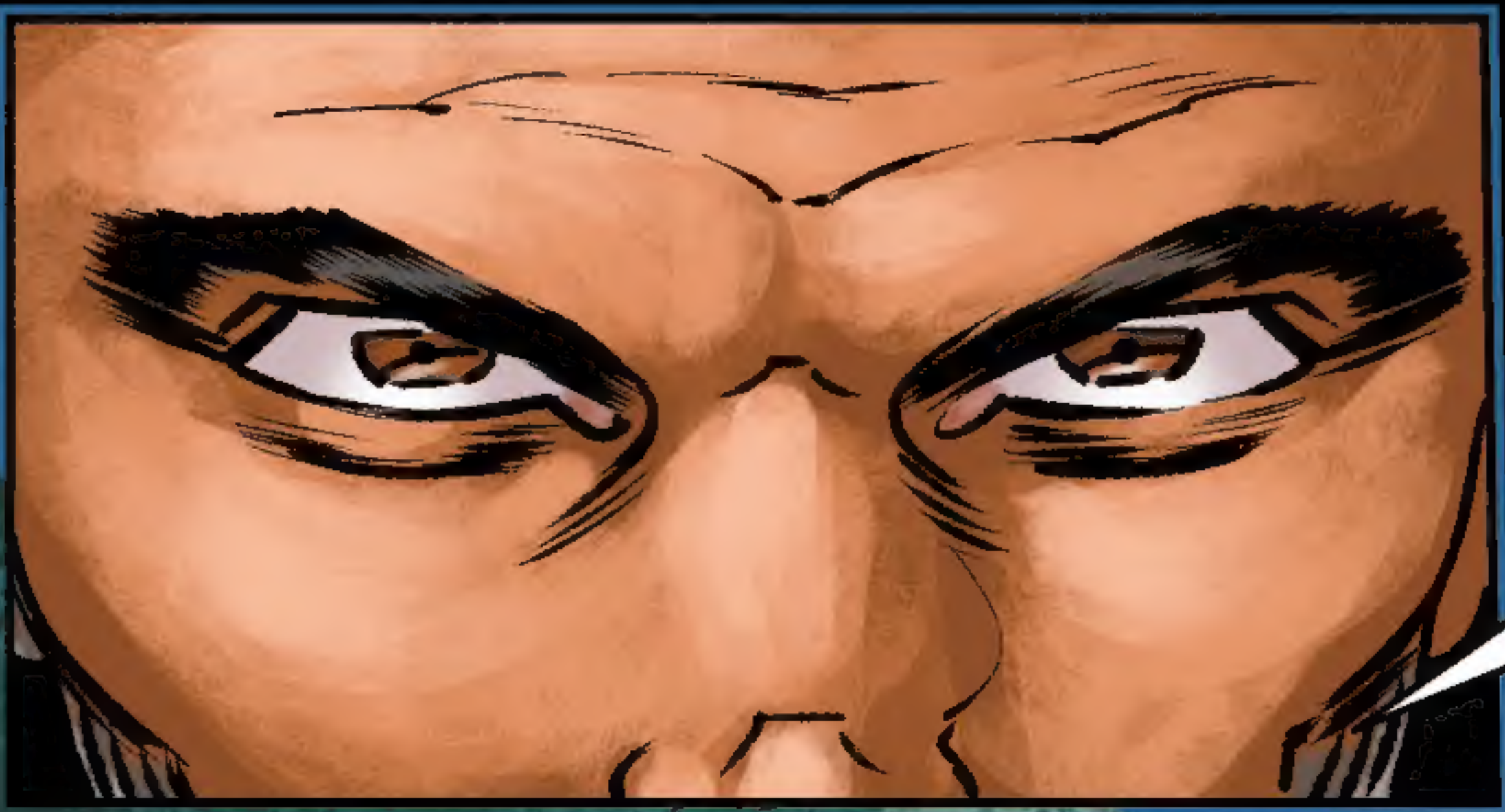
--WHETHER HE WILL *EVER*  
KNOW REGRET, OR WHETHER  
HIS BETRAYAL OF BALDR  
REMAINS AN EASILY-IGNORED  
SCAR ON HIS DARK HEART--



--ONLY HE  
CAN KNOW.



HUH.



IT'S  
GETTING  
LIGHT  
OUT.









SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

